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His by Wm A White





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FOLLOWING JESUS:

AND

OTHER POEMS.



✓
FOLLOWING JESUS.



AND

Other Poems.

*By the
Wm. Augustus White*



PHILADELPHIA:
GEORGE & WAYNE, 26 S. FIFTH STREET.

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1845.



* * Many of the pieces in this collection, have been already published in the journals of the Church,—chiefly in the Banner of the Cross,—under the signature “W. A. W.”: “Jesus’ Call,” was signed “Clairvaux.”

The Poem for St. Matthew’s Day, was written in 1841, just previous to that Festival, for the gratification of some of the author’s friends.



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FOLLOWING JESUS :

A POEM

FOR ST. MATTHEW'S DAY.

O Son of David ! didst not thou inspire,
 Erst the sweet singers lyre ?
When, knowing how thou wouldst the Heathen raise,
 He offered up their praise !

And wilt thou not, to-day our Gentile hearts
 Tune as well to their parts ?
That called to be from sordid world-aims free,
 We rise and follow Thee.

Introits.—Feast of St. Matthew.

FOLLOWING JESUS.

THERE is a charm in every passing stream,
A holy spell in those sweet waves that gleam,
Where once Messiah's sacred voice was heard,
With power declaring truth's unchanging word.
O call it blessed, that calm, little sea,
Around whose verdant banks, in ecstasy,
Thrice eager thousands press'd to learn of Him,
Adored above by saint and seraphim ;
Whose mighty throne, long ere the world, was made,
With firm foundation, gloriously laid ;
E'en Him, who left the brilliant walks of gold,
For earth's sad poverty, distress and cold ;

Whose only palace, tho' the Lord of all,
Was Bethlehem's humble manger and its stall.

Thou art, Genesareth, a hallow'd place,(1)
For thou hast seen Messiah's heavenly face.
Thy waters were the glassy way, that trod
Mysterious footsteps of the Son of God !
And He with chosen, zealous band beside,
Walk'd on thy shore, and taught upon thy tide.

It was by thee, 'mid ships and snowy sail,
Fanned by the breeze, and rustled by the gale,
That Levi sat,(2) a true and righteous man,
Blameless and pure, e'en tho' a publican.
He, by the voice of Jesus called, obey'd ;
And gladly following, a priest was made,
Of rites more blest than those of Judah's shrine,
A happy herald of the grace divine ;
To Jews, his own beloved, by race and kin,
And Gentile wand'ers by the waste of Zin.(3)
Nor labour'd Matthew in his work alone ;
For Jesus friends arose in every zone,
Taught by the faithful few from Salem sent,
Wide spreading light and wisdom as they went ;

Like angel spirits called to cheer the earth,
 And stay with plenteous hand its woeful dearth.
 On, on they sped, with holy cross in hand,
 Till polish'd Greece, and swarthy Ethiop's land,
 Beheld alike a peaceful banner raised,
 "Good will to man" upon its foldings blazed.
 And saw they too in many a different clime,
 The saints and worthy ones of olden time,
 Who loving Jesus with an ardent love,
 Kept the sure path that leads to bliss above;
 Who following Jesus with a martyr's zeal,
 Found life in death; in woe, eternal weal.
 O tell me where their sound has not been heard?
 Where, save in lonely haunt of wildest bird?
 Where, save in desert lone and island drear,
 Unfound by man, unknown to wisest seer?
 For they have climb'd the mountain's craggy height,
 And scaled its rugged peak of purest white,
 Where polar snows their reign perennial keep;
 And they have roam'd far o'er the mighty deep,
 To bid its isles(4) the King of Heaven obey:
 Vast Ocean's sons the promised homage pay,

The billows lift their anthems to the skies,
 And prayers of faith like grateful incense rise.
 "Come, follow me,"—the sacred summons made,
 What power of earth the call'd disciple stayed?(5)
 One leaves his bark still floating on the lake,
 And joyful parts with home for Jesus' sake;
 One quits the busy mart of wealth and gain,
 And ships and costly goods upon the main,
 Welcomes the Master to his gather'd store,
 And seeks the riches of the world no more.
 What then was icy cold, to him whose heart
 Glow'd with desire to bear the martyr's part?
 What then was parching heat, or burning sun,
 To him refresh'd by gushing streams that run
 Fresh from life's fountain to the fainting soul,
 Imparting strength and solace as they roll?
 Poor and alone, unheeded by the world,
 Save when the lip of scorn and hate was curl'd;
 Lights, amid blackest darkness, purely shed;
 The only living mid the many dead:(6)
 By thrones assail'd, by meanest huts revil'd;

Mock'd by the strong; (the weak look'd on and
smil'd;)

Scourg'd to amuse the rabble by the way,
And burn'd to gleam upon a gala day.(7)

Such were the Christians that the world first knew,
A band in living and in dying true.

They who like champions on the plain of sin,
Rush'd with fleet pace the noble fight to win;
Whose dazzling breastplates quench'd the fiery dart
Of bitter foe and madly erring heart;

Whose helmets shone far o'er the battle field,
And glist'ning weapons bade Abaddon yield.

They whom the church hath priz'd in ev'ry age,
Whose deeds are told in all her sacred page,

And o'er whose hallow'd graves the ancient fane
Lifts up its spires, a witness for the slain!

And hark! it speaks, and seems this word to tell;—

“Christ and his cross, O mortal! follow well;

“Fear not the world, but look to Heaven in prayer,

“The martyr's rest, the pilgrim's home, is there!”

O know ye not Ignatius' worthy name?(8)

Have ye not heard of Polycarp the fame?(9)

The aged prelate with white flowing hair,
 Lov'd by the church for apostolic care?
 He who on Smyrna's fertile, happy soil,
 Long kept the flock with faithful shepherd's toil?
 He whom nor bribe, nor stake, nor bloody steel,
 Could tempt to swear by royal Cæsar's weal?
 "Swear by thy Cæsar? Nay," the Christian said,
 And turn'd to Heaven in prayer his hoary head;
 Own'd while he pointed to the azure sky,
 No king but Him who ever rules on high;
 Own'd e'en rejected Jesus as his Lord,
 And bade the countless throng believe his word.
 And when loud exclamations rent the air,—
 "Bring to the stake, and let him perish there!"
 With look serene the holy man survey'd
 Torch, stake, and faggot speedily array'd;
 Laid the pure vesture of the church aside,
 And 'mid the vivid, sweeping, fiery tide,
 Like some choice off'ring meet for sacrifice,
 Show'd to the world how calm the martyr dies.

'Twere long but pleasant task, to speak of those
 Brave souls, Augustin, Martin, and Ambrose;(10)

And Bede, the meek recluse of Yarrow's shade,(11)
 Whom priest and prelate worthy honours paid ;
 Sons of the church, with noble spirits blest,
 Lov'd in their lives and peaceful in their rest.
 'Tis good to speak of Bernard of Clairvaux,(12)
 Who rais'd the cross 'mid peaks of Alpine snow ;
 Whose kind asylums give the stranger cheer,
 That strays exhausted through the mountains here,
 And lost in icy vales and forests drear,
 Hears the soft bells that tell him aid is near,
 When marking through the drifted waste a path,
 The faithful mastiffs show a ruddy hearth,
 Where aged men sit round the sparkling flame,
 And welcome give in Jesus' holy name.

Christ has been follow'd, and what tho' the power
 Of Christian crowns and thrones in evil hour,
 Fell 'neath the sabre of the Saracen ;
 And Norman shouts were heard in vict'ry then ;
 What though from palace halls of Constantine,
 By ruthless hand, was torn the Cross divine ;
 And rais'd on fair Sophia's(13) temple height,
 The golden crescent shone with dazzling light ?

Tho' peaceful monarchs from their seats were driven,
 And castle-gate and massive door were riven :
 Tho' churches burn'd with sacrilegious fire,
 And wavy flames wrapt high the olden spire,
 Still liv'd the truth ; and follow'd Jesus then,
 Long undismay'd, a host of fearless men ;
 In life so blameless, innocent, and pure,
 So true in faith, to Holy Church so sure,
 That hostile weapons powerless fell beside
 Christ's oft assail'd, but well defended Bride.

Christ was still follow'd ; and the pagan sword
 In that late day oft drank the Christian's blood ;
 And driven forth, the heralds took the word
 O'er mountain height and swiftly rolling flood.
 Like pious Otto,(14) prelate of renown,
 Who as he roam'd alone from town to town,
 By night his weary footsteps onward bent,
 And sweetly chanted vespers as he went.

Alas ! alas ! the times when error rose,
 And Zion found her kinsmen were her foes ;
 When dark contention's fearful, low'ring cloud,
 Hung o'er meek homes, and minsters old and proud ;

When sacred mitres met in bold array,
 And mad ambition banish'd peace away.
 The path was lost the ancient fathers trod ;
 Lost the old way, that led the church to God.
 Yet on this cheerless scene there rose afar,
 Bright in the West, clear Wickliffe, morning star;(15)
 And then in Zurich's canton, calm and fair,
 Zuingle(16) shone in constant lustre there,
 And once again "the light of other days"
 Stream'd from the skies, on Zion's happy ways,
 And watchmen bold as those of olden time,
 Their solemn cry sent forth at eve and prime ;
 Who found a prophet's doom for Jesus' sake,
 And died so bright enrob'd at burning stake,
 That radiance cheers the soil on which they fell ;
 For England yet the sacred place may tell,
 Where Latimer and Ridley(17) rest enshrined,
 Lov'd by her sons, and known to all mankind.
 Joy to the church ! for holier days returned,
 With truth from Christ the ancient Fathers learn'd :
 The Northern Isles by godly envoys blest,(18)
 With zeal fulfilled the Saviour's great behest ;

Till Jesus' name was known throughout the world,
 Where'er Britannia's ensign was unfurl'd.
 Neglected India's wide extended strand,
 Met on her sands a warm devoted band ;
 Saw the bright mitre that a Heber wore,(19)
 And lov'd the crosier that he gently bore.
 Joy to the church ! for on our western shore,
 Tho' rose she humbly in the days of yore,
 Yet spreads she now her kind maternal arms,
 Pure in her fame, and spotless in her charms.(20)
 Joy to the church ! the true Incarnate Word,
 O'er crowns and kingdoms yet in might shall reign,
 His praise in ev'ry zone and clime be heard,
 Sung by the earth, re-echoed by the main,
 From Christian ships, whose pennants wave on high,
 And bear the Cross, uplifted to the sky ;
 Land unto land, and sea to sea, rehearse
 The worth of those recorded in our verse ;
 And time will show, as time has ever shown,
 A *Saviour follow'd*, where a Saviour known.

HOLD THE CROSS.

“Seize the banner, spread its fold !
Seize it with no faltering hold !
Spread its foldings high and fair,
Let all see the cross is there.”

HOLD the cross, Christian, and speed on thy way ;
Thy foes they be many, and dark is the day :
Fight the good battle that martyrs have won,
Thy rest shall be sweet when thy labour is done.

Hold the cross, Christian ; take helmet and shield ;
The legions of darkness are forth in the field ;
Black waving banners by thousands arise,
And brood o'er the plain like the clouds of the skies.

Hold the cross, Christian, and light from on high
Shall play on its summit, when conquest is nigh ;
Strong is thine arm in the might of the Lord,
And sure is thy weapon, the truth of his word.

Hold the cross, Christian, and speed on thy way ;
'Tho' foes may be many, tho' dark be the day :
Fight the good battle that martyrs have won,
Thy rest shall be sweet when thy labour is done.

SONNETS.

THE LADY ADORNED.—THE LACKING JEWEL.

I.

“What lack I yet?”—methinks it all is fair,
All *well adorn’d*, from foot to tiara,
That gleams resplendent from my flowing hair,
With famed Golconda’s lustres sparkling there ;
And these rich jewels from the climes afar,
The jasper burning with its yellow hue ;
The sapphire waving with its modest blue ;—
Sweet gems of beauty from a foreign strand,
Enshrined in cunning work of purest gold ;
The happy treasures of another’s land,
And gotten us, (they say,) with toil untold,
And sighs and tears of pagan men—but hold !—

Lack I aught yet? nay, all is well I ween,
All dazzling bright that shineth to be seen.

II.

“One thing thou lackest,” yet one jewel fair,—
RELIGION; that with pure and constant ray,
Thou may’st upon thy young heart sweetly wear,
A talisman and gem celestial there;
Which angel’s hands may give us when we pray,
Bright sparkling from their caskets kept above,
And mark’d with Jesus’ name and sign of love.
Take from thine hair the wedge of Afric’s gold,
And cast the rich wrought garb aside,
And e’en the precious clasp of jet unfold,
That shows its diamond from some mine of old.
Tho’ *unadorn’d*, if Christ’s own coronet
Upon thy brow with its mild light be set,
Thine is the beauty of a heavenly bride.

IONA.

“That man is little to be envied whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.”—DR. JOHNSON.

ILLUSTRIOUS isle ! once Caledonia's pride,
Columba's home, and Scotia's beacon light !
That o'er the waters of the western sea,
Shed the glad rays of sacred truth afar,
How holy is thy name ! thy soil how dear !
Tho' least among the Hebrides thou art,
On whom Ben-Nevis looks in grandeur down,
Like some proud monarch from his rocky throne,
Whose granite base the billows lash in vain,
And towering height eternal snows conceal.
Yet hast thou greatness and immortal fame,

By all the lustre of thy church of old ;
 By mitres worthy, and by crosiers mild ;
 By abbey cloister, and cathedral spire,
 Where wisdom true and piety sincere,
 Won many a Highland heart from error's way ;
 And brought the savage clans to Jesus' cross,
 The font of grace, and holy altar's feast.
 Here brave Columba stood with zealous soul,
 And 'mid the ocean rais'd a cresset bright,
 Whose ruddy flame dispelled the deep'ning gloom
 Of sin, and showed to man the ark of God.
 So oft some island tower its saving rays
 Throws forth with sweetest cheer, at dead of night ;
 Illumes the troubled main, and safely guides
 The wand'ring bark to reach the port of peace.
 Here, 'mid the ruins of the ancient fane,
 Lie Scotland's golden crowns of yore ; and kings
 Of Erin, France, and Norway sought a grave,
 Iona, in thy consecrated ground.
 Forsaken island ! olden home of truth !
 Tho' now no more the Christian student's haunt ;

No more, as erst, the seat of holy lore,
When surplic'd priests, with mitred head before,
In solemn state march'd through the parvis grand ;
Yet art thou dear to faithful hearts, who prize
A saint's sequester'd tomb,—a martyr's grave ;
And count thy long departed host, with us,
One household joined in unity of faith.

And, O Lord, hear our prayer

LENTEN VESPER HYMN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN.

KIND Creator, Father, hear,
While we pray with humble fear :
While we mourn for sins to-day,
Wipe our falling tears away.

Thou hast known our erring way ;
Thou hast watched us when astray ;
Lo ! we now return to thee,
Pity our infirmity.

Many sins we here lament ;
Spare, O spare, for we repent :

For thy glory give us peace ;
Grant our captive souls release.

Whilst the flesh we now control,
Feed with holy food the soul ;
Let our hearts, from sin set free,
Glow with constant love to Thee.

Holy, blessed Trinity,
Undivided Unity,
Richest fruits to us convey,
In our solemn fast to-day.

MUSIC.

“Music in the house, music in the heart, and music also in heaven.”

HOME hath music, for the tone
Of voices there is passing dear ;
And when the soul is sad and lone,
It longs that melody to hear.

Hearts have music, when they beat
Together harmonies of love ;
While hymning thoughts in concert sweet,
To holy measures made above.

Heaven hath music ; harps of gold,
Touch'd by angelic fingers sound,
And chants begun in days of old,
By saint and seraph echo round.

ALBION.

The position of St. Alban's festival in the old calendar, on a day endeared to every American, (June 17,) is singularly happy. For while, as patriots, we call to mind the efforts of those who contended for our independence on Bunker's heights, we may, as churchmen, love to remember "the noble army of martyrs," and especially England's true hero, the soldier-saint—Alban.

SOUND the trumpet, O Albion ! wake thee to-day !
And forth on each castle the red cross display !
For a host of thy martyrs, all clad for the fight,
I view on the plains with their armor of light.

In the north they are gather'd by Verulam's stream,
Whose blood-hallow'd waters resplendently gleam,
While the troop of Messiah in splendor moves by,
With heralds before from the palace on high.

All their banners are bright, and in letters of gold,
“JESUS” I see, when the sheet they unfold ;
While the laurel and olive their helmets entwine,
They march to the measure of music divine.

Sound the trumpet, O Albion ! wake thee to-day
On fortress and turret the red cross display,
Strike the cymbal and drum, let the loud organ sound,
In camp and in fane pour the chorus around.

Be the memory bless'd of that noble array,
Of worthies we love and remember to-day.
Let the standard they priz'd in the east and the west,
Long guide to the battle, the triumph and rest.

“CRUX MIHI ANCHORA.”

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.—

Isa. xliii. 2.

Thy cross is my anchor, and safely I rest,

When storms and high billows are raging around ;
If closely I cling to thine arm I am blest,

And hear thy sweet voice 'mid the wild tempest
sound.

Thy love will I trust, when I pass thro' the wave,

Tho' troubled and dark be the face of the main,
Thine own promis'd succour my spirit shall save,
And give me repose in thy haven again.

The blaze of the beacon the seaman may fail ;
The anchor be mov'd by the deep and the gale ;
But Thou shalt relieve me in ev'ry distress,
Thy light and thy strength shall life's rough voyage
 bless.

EASTER HYMN.

ARISE ! arise !

Ere from the skies

The dusky shades of night have fled ;

O come, my heart,

Act well thy part,

Thy Lord is ris'n from the dead.

'Tis morn ! 'tis morn !

Awake ! forlorn,

Who wept at eve by Jesus' tomb.

The broken seal

Foretells our weal,

And giveth joy for heavy gloom.

The Easter light,
 A glorious sight,
 Shines forth on ev'ry Christian spire ;
 And turret height,
 And casement bright,
 Are kindling with celestial fire.

With roses twine
 The holy shrine ;
 There let your richest lustres gleam :
 A noble strain,
 Within the fane,
 Awake ! with morn's inspiring beam.

Arise ! arise !
 For lo ! the skies
 Are mark'd with ev'ry lovely ray ;
 The jasper hue,
 The sapphire's blue,
 Make splendor for the festive day.

Then come with the dawn, to the temple, away !
For "Jesus is ris'n," they joyfully say ;
There sweet be the anthem our glad voices raise,
While nature is joining the pageant and praise.

LINES

WRITTEN WHILE A FRIEND WAS PLAYING SACRED
MELODIES ON THE PIANO.

O WHEN life from me is fleeting,
Mellow music let me hear ;
And may angel minstrels meeting,
Hymn a pæan o'er my bier.

Earth to earth, in peace consigning,
Chanting bear me to my grave ;
While my soul to Christ resigning,
I would sing his pow'r to save.

JESUS' CALL.

Come unto me, and I will give you rest.—*St. Matt.* xi. 28.

She went her way and called Mary her sister secretly, saying,
The Master is come, and calleth thee.—*St. John*, xi. 28.

THE Master calleth : hearest thou
His sweet and gentle tone ?
That voice hath spoken oft ; and now
Thou know'st it when alone.

In hours of silence, when the mirth
Of merry ones is hush'd ;
When hopes upon the autumn earth
Are strewn, decay'd and crush'd ;

When hands we cross on bosoms cold,
 Hands that we oft have press'd;
 Is it not then in whispers told,
 "Come, I will give thee rest?"

When fearful lest we faint beside
 The road that leads above,
 We ask a staff, a friend, a guide,
 To lead us on in love;
 Hear! then, the Saviour calleth thee,
 In accents fond and blest,
 "O weary pilgrim! come to me,
 And I will give thee rest."

Come, while the mystic waters gleam,
 Mov'd by some priestly hand,
 Receive, with that thrice hallow'd stream,
 The sign of Jesus' band,—
 The precious cross upon thy brow,
 A jewel priceless fair,
 The richest gem on earth, that thou
 Above may'st nobly wear.

And while, 'mid solemn chant and prayer,

The ark is ope'd to thee,

The Saviour's voice shall cheer thee there,

“O welcome thou to me !”

SPRINGS OF WATER.

Give me a blessing ; give me also springs of water.—*Josh. xv. 19.*

“And from the turf a fountain broke,
And gurgled at our feet.”—*Wordsworth.*

'Tis the pure wine of Eden, that Adam once drank,
As he sat with his Eve by the cool, mossy bank,
Of the clear, sparkling current that roll'd by his side,
And reflected the sky in its bright crystal tide.

Ah ! how sweet to the pilgrim, exhausted, oppressed,
When he seeks by the wayside refreshment and rest,
From the thick shady grove to receive the glad sound,
Of the murmuring rill, as it echoes around.

How he hastes through the thicket to taste the pure
stream !

And, while soothed by its music, he lies down to
dream,

Till the heat and the calm of the midday are o'er,
And the soft wind of evening blows freshly once
more.

'Tis the free gift of God, for the rich and the poor ;—
For the fair, gentle Briton,—the dark, haughty Moor :
Like the mercy of Heaven, to the world it is known,
And its founts and its streams are the gems of each
zone.

THE MUSIC OF THE TOWER.

The tower of Trinity church, Nantucket Isle, is accidentally so situated and constructed, that the lattices of its windows are like an Æolian harp, making sweet music continually.

O HEAR that soft and mellow strain,
That riseth sweet and clear ;
The voice that sounds o'er isle and main,
Like some fair minstrel here.

It joineth oft on holy day,
The noble chant of praise ;
And with the worship that we pay,
It blendeth tender lays.

And here it carols ere the light,
 With many a gentle tone ;
 And singeth in the dead of night,
 Its vesper-hymn alone.

With music sometime sad and low ;—
 A dirge-like song—a sigh :
 Or swelling, when the fresh winds blow,
 In joyous melody.

I love thee, sacred Gothic tower,
 And when far o'er the sea,
 I oft shall think at evening hour,
 Of thy sweet minstrelsy.

Then fare thee well : and tho' thou sing
 No parting ode for me,
 I will, fair fane, this tribute bring,
 Of truest love to thee.

“QUAM DILECTA.”

I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.—*Ps. lxxxiv. 10.*

O SAVIOUR, when the morning bright,
Shines forth upon the eastern main,
And pours a flood of golden light
Thro' Gothic arch and colour'd pane ;
I love to bow within thy shrine,
And seek thy help and grace divine,
And in thy dwelling-place to raise
The song of joy, and chant of praise.

Far better in thy courts to wait,
And look upon thy beauty there,
Than with the rich to move in state,
And live within their mansions fair :

For in thy temple, only blest,
I find delight and holy rest ;
There would I wish, thy child, to dwell,
Until I bid the world farewell.

When at thine altar, Lord, I kneel,
And view thy cross uplifted there ;
When with the organ's sweetest peal,
We send to Thee our solemn prayer ;
The thought of heaven inspires the soul,
And gives it wings of faith to rise,
And join the saintly notes that roll
Thro' thy cathedral of the skies.

Father, and Saviour of the world ! our days
Are thine : the first and last Thou only know'st !
O grant that when we bid the world adieu,
It be with faith in Thee ; with love to man,
And in communion with Thy Holy Church :—
Be death to us, but calm exchange of life,
From shrines below, to purer shrine above !

THE BANNER OF THE CROSS.

This was the imperial standard of Constantine, presented him by the angel of Heaven. The rich drapery of that snowy cloud, which gently floated, emblazoned with the “*Τούτῳ Νικά*,” and the sign of the Son of Man, was the first Banner of the Cross.

THE Banner of the Cross we raise,
With pious heart and fearless hand ;
The ensign that in olden days,
Led on the apostolic band.

We lift the royal standard high,
And point it to its native sky ;
Where first by angel hands unfurl'd,
It waved in beauty o'er the world.

Upon its cloudy foldings fair,
THE CROSS with golden lustre shone ;
And words of comfort glowing there,
Inspired the Church, when sad and lone.

To this the martyr-heroes clung,
When loud the battle tocsin rung ;
And this through thickest of the fight,
They follow'd by its guiding light.

And when some warrior bleeding, fell,
And in his armour sank to rest,
This was his shroud :—was it not well,
The Banner'd Cross upon his breast ?

Then lift it up in Jesus' name,
And bear it on thro' ill and shame ;
Till earth the promis'd conquest see,
And bless the Cross in Jubilee.

NOTUS IN JUDEA.

IN Jewry is Jehovah known,
His name is great in Israel ;
For there those holy rites are shown,
That of his power and honour tell.

At Salem,—happy seat of peace !
His rich pavilion is display'd :
And Zion's blessings will increase,
Since God his dwelling there hath made.

There in the battle's grand array,
He brake both hostile shield and sword ;
And arrows winging swift their way,
Fell powerless at his sov'reign word.

Thy judgment given from on high,
They heard,—earth trembled,—and was still :
And all the meek beneath the sky,
Were solaced by Thy gracious will.

Make to the Lord a solemn vow,
Before Him with oblations bow :
His name let all His priests confess,
His majesty, and holiness.

BEATITUDES.

Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you,
and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

St. Matt. v. 11.

O WELCOME tidings to the faithful heart,
That longs, thro' weal and woe, to bear a part
In sacred battle, 'neath that banner bright,
Whose cross and crown appear in dazzling light.
O, welcome tidings ! rich beatitude !
Balm for the poor, the persecuted good !

Blest, when the cold, unfeeling world,
Revile our name for Jesus' sake ;
Blest, when the lip of scorn is curl'd,
And jesters proud derision make.

Blest, e'en when persecution's steel,
All glist'ning waits to pierce the breast :
Blest, who that bloody weapon feel,
And sink with martyr's joy to rest.

On ! Christian, on ! with joy and hope ;
With fearless soul and steadfast eye :
For thou with every foe may'st cope,
In Jesus' strength and panoply.

On ! till the strife of time is o'er ;
The pearly cross hath mark'd thy brow :
On ! like the holy saints of yore,
Who sweetly sleep in Jesus now.

PATMOS.

I, John, was in the isle that is called Patmos.—*Rev. i. 9.*

As when some monarch with imperial host,
Moves stately on ; and 'mid the dazzling glare
Of waxen lights, his royal garb spreads forth ;
Till with the grand departing train, the pomp
And pageant fade from captive eyes away,
Thro' the vast circuit of emblazon'd halls :—
So left the sun his peerless throne on high,
And in the slow receding march display'd
Rich crimson garments deck'd with golden rays ;
Fold upon fold, by cloudy ermine grac'd,
In varied hues, swept on in majesty ;
Till fainter grew the colours of his robes,
As westward he the azure path pursued ;

While splendor vanish'd as the day declin'd,
And evening came at Patmos' rocky isle.

With peaceful mind, the exil'd saint beheld,
From his lone cave, the glorious sight, and watch'd
The darkness as it gather'd o'er the deep ;
Till e'en fair Samos' shores were dimly seen,
And her white mountains faded from the view ;
Then laid him down, and sunk in slumbers mild,
Lull'd by the music of the rolling deep.

Eventful rest ! in which a view was given
Of heaven's arcana, and the doom of man
Thro' ages yet remote,—momentous times !
Then saw the prophet's eye, th' adoring throng
Before the throne, in purest vestments clothed ;—
The holy altar, where the angel stood
With golden censer, whose sweet incense rose,
Offer'd with prayers of all the saints, to God :
The trumpets seven he heard, and mark'd each scene
That started forth obedient to their sound ;
The voice of harpers came, and notes of song
Roll'd on thro' heaven like ocean's roar :—
Jerusalem in bridal beauty shone ;

Whose pearly gates and richly jewelled walls,
Are sure inheritance and home to those,
Who wore the sacred cross below, and gave
Their hearts to Him, whose heart was pierc'd for us.

O isle of visions ! still in thee remains,
A little remnant of thy church of old ;
And from the soil thy holy John hath trod,
Sweet chiming bells the sailors list with joy,
While floating o'er the blue Ægæan sea.
Here long may saintly men their worship pay,
And call by fast and prayer the blessing down ;
Till earth no more her countless shrines shall need,
But one bright fane embrace us all above.

CHRISTMAS ODE.

“Adeste fideles,
Læti triumphantes,
Venite, venite in Bethlehem.”

Welcome, holy festive time !
Welcome, with a merry chime,
Pealing from the ancient fane,
That smiles to greet thee once again.

Fir and box and fragrant pine,
Bring ye to the sacred shrine :
Meet to beautify the place,
The gate of Heaven and ark of grace.

Round the altar garlands twine,
 Where the silver vessels shine ;
 Wreath the precious cross to-day,
 And here your highest worship pay.

Let the loud "Hosannas" ring !
 Christ is born our Priest and King !
 Christ foretold in Eden's shade,
 And hope of Eva's children made.

Judah, favour'd tribe and blest,
 Lift thy sign and Lion crest !
 Lo ! salvation comes from thee,
 And earth's triumphant jubilee.

List ! upon thy quiet plain,
 Angels breathe a charming strain ;
 Soothing well the shepherds' fear,
 With tidings glad and news of cheer.

Eastern princes haste to thee,
Bearing gifts from India's sea,
Myrrh and cassia, gems and gold,
In Bethlehem their stores unfold.

Judah, now no longer least,
Be thy name at Israel's feast,
By thy brightly beaming star,
The nations know thee from afar.

O Mary, first of daughters blest,
To thee what happy lot was given,
When gently folding to thy breast
The precious babe, the gift of Heaven.

When o'er the meek and lowly bed,
Where Jesus laid his infant head,
'Twas thine to watch, with spirit mild,
The peaceful slumbers of thy child.

Hail, highly favour'd ! full of grace !
Thou blessed by the angel's word :
Blest thro' the world in ev'ry place,
The virgin mother of our Lord.

Welcome, Jesus ! King divine !
Son of David's royal line !
Show thy sceptre while we pray,
And list our festive hymns to-day.

Welcome, Saviour ! Rock and Light,
To the sinking souls in night ;
Hear, O hear, our heart's request,
And save us in thy home of rest.

STANZAS.

And he went a little further, and fell on his face, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me.

St. Matt. xxvi. 39.

Ye shall indeed drink of the cup that I drink of.

St. Mark, x. 39.

“Drink this :” it is the cup of woe,
The gloomy tide of grief and care ;
The Marah we must taste below :
O mortal ! sweeten it by PRAYER.

And he took the cup and gave thanks and gave it to them, saying: Drink ye all of it.—*St. Matt. xxvi. 27.*

The cup of blessing which we bless.—*1 Cor. x. 16.*

“Drink this:” it is the cup of love;

The chalice to thy lips upraise:

The rich foretaste of founts above:

O mortal! thou hast cause for PRAISE.

DAILY DEVOTION.

DAY by day,
When morn's glad ray,
In yonder sky grows bright ;
We bend the knee,
In prayer to thee,
Creation's Life and Light.

Night by night,
When from the sight,
The sun hath pass'd away ;
In darkness' hour,
We trust Thy power,
And humbly love to pray.

Light and shade,
The Highest made,
To give Him constant praise ;
O then, to Thee,
'Tis meet that we,
Our daily worship raise

LINES.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM, UNDER A PICTURE OF A BOUGH
AND A CROSS.

And when they came to Marah, they could not drink of the waters of Marah, for they were bitter:—and Moses cried unto the Lord, and the Lord showed him a tree, which when he had cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet.—*Exodus* xv. 23. 25.

I will bring forth my servant The Branch.—*Zech.* iii. 8.

It was not gold; it was not a precious stone that sweetened the waters of Marah, but a tree—type of the tree of Calvary—type of Christ, “The Branch,” who hath brought sweetness and consolation to us pilgrims and sinners.

O WHEN thy heart hath bitterness,
A secret grief and weight of care,
Repine thou not; the Marah-tide
Will gladden if “The Branch” be there.

Look to the Cross ; its sacred might,
The lone and fainting soul shall save ;
And life's dark stream roll sweet and bright,
If this be cast upon the wave.

THE PATRIARCH'S SHRINE.

A SAINTLY one hath gone to rest,
The crosier glist'ning on his breast ;
And bright the golden mitre shone,
 When waxen lights their lustre gave,
And mournful music wild and lone,
 Re-echoed through the darken'd nave.

Then sweetly on the midnight air,
Arose the slowly chanted prayer ;
While silver censers cast around,
 On fleecy clouds, a mild perfume ;
And the deep bell, with awful sound,
 Toll'd sadly o'er the prelate's tomb.

He is at rest within the fane,
 And naught shall wake his sleep again :
 He will not list the matin-song
 That riseth often o'er his bier :
 Nor heed the crowds that press along
 In haste, when holy hour is near.

He hath laid down the staff he bore,
 And priestly crown he nobly wore ;
 To worship in a purer shrine,
 With cherub spirits by his side,
 And angel choirs, whose notes divine,
 Welcom'd the Bishop as he died.

Rest, shepherd of the faithful, rest ;
 The sacred cross is on thy breast !
 And when the trumpet fills the sky,
 O Jesu, who thyself didst die,
 Raise us, with him who slumbers here,
 Among thy chosen to appear.

ORATE FRATRES.

BROTHERS, let us bend the knee,
In the holy shrine below ;
Where the blessed cross we see,
Orate fratres Domino.

Hasten, ere the eastern skies
Bright with golden sunbeams grow ;
Let the matin-prayer arise ;
Orate fratres Domino.

Worship, when the heavens above,
With celestial splendor glow :
Come with fervent heart and love ;
Orate fratres Domino.

Worship, when the shades of night,
Round the earth their curtains throw ;
Ask ye then unfading light ;
Orate fratres Domino.

Night-fall is the time for prayer :
Slumber is the balm of woe :
Vesper hymns will lull your care ;
Orate fratres Domino.

Thus thro' life sweet homage pay,
Humbly in the fanes below :—
Till we join the angels' lay,
Orate fratres Domino.

THE EVENING LIGHTS.

Another old custom there is of saying, when light is brought in, —“God send us the light of heaven!” and the parson likes this very well.—*Herbert's Country Parson.*

A WELCOME to the evening lights,
The sombre shades are nigh :—
“God send us light !”—they have no nights
In our sweet home on high.

The evening lights, how fair they seem
At fireside and in shrine ;
Whose silent teachings as they gleam,
Unfold us truths divine :—

Of Aaron, and his lamps of gold,
 That, o'er the veil of blue,
 And all its richly woven fold,
 Their dazzling brightness threw ;
 Or, 'mid the fragrant cloudy maze
 That rose with priestly prayer,
 Appeared by their mysterious rays
 To feel Jehovah there.

Of holy apostolic time,
 When in some rocky cell,
 At vesper hour and op'ning prime,
 (As legends truly tell,)
 The Christian's worship oft was paid,
 Where sunbeams never shone,
 And ancient chant and prayer were said
 By taper lights alone.

Sweet evening lights, then welcome in,—
 Fit emblems of our Lord,
 The Light amid the gloom of sin,
 The true Eternal Word.

And, O ! when fades our passing day ;
 Life's vesper moments nigh,
O Jesus ! lighten thou the way
 With radiance, as we die !

SONNETS.

THE HOLY ROOD.

“The rood, when perfectly made, had not only the image of our Saviour extended upon it, but the figures of the Virgin Mary and St. John, one on each side : in allusion to John xix. 26. ‘Christ on the cross, saw his mother, and the disciple whom he loved, standing by.’”

I.

EMBLEM of hallow'd hours ! I gaze on thee,
And, lost in meditation's trance, I seem
To kneel at Jesus' feet on Calvary,
Pouring my prayer to Him who dies for me :—
Till some chance thought dispels the pious dream,
Or notes of music mournful, sweet, and clear,
Fill the charmed soul, and tell me I am here.
A homeless one, my home is in Thy fane :

At morn and eve, dear Lord, I linger there,
 Full oft alone ; save when some mourner's train
 Comes slowly in with bier and sable shroud,
 Yet soon returns to mingle with life's crowd,
 And I am left, e'en silent as yon pair,
 Who day by day, with me, Thy temple share.

II.

'Tis eve ; and scarce the pictured panes on high,
 Can catch a parting beam of light, to show
 Their beauteous hues, and sacred blazonry :
 The night steals on, and dim the arches grow,
 While darkness spreads along the nave below ;
 And from the altar's deep recess alone,
 One taper casts its tiny rays around ;
 E'en as the solemn torches, o'er the ground
 Of dread Golgotha, faintly, wildly shone.—
 But that dear rood above becomes this hour :
 That shaded brow, and meekly bended head ;—
 The Virgin Mother gazing on the dead ;—
 Give to the vesper thoughts a matchless power,
 And keep the musing spirit sweetly bound.

“LUX ALMA JESU.”

He shall be as the light of the morning when the sun riseth,
even a morning without clouds.—2 *Sam.* xxiii. 4.

I am the bright and morning star.—*Rev.* xxii. 16.

There shall come a Star out of Jacob.—*Num.* xxiv. 17.

LIGHT of the lone and anxious heart!
When pleasures fly and joys depart;
When trembling in the dreary shade,
I sigh for peace and friendly aid;
O shed o'er me thy sacred ray,
And cheer the pilgrim on his way.

Light of the heart! when love and truth,
That bless, in fancy, dreams of youth,
Have pass'd on airy wing away,
And left but gloom for visions gay;
O then sweet “Star of Jacob” rise,
And shine thro’ life’s beclouded skies.

Light of the heart ! if in the cell
 Where earth's affections fondly dwell,
 A lustre burn so brilliantly,
 That I forget to gaze on Thee ;
 Dim Thou in love the rival fire,
 And be Thyself the soul's desire.

Light of the heart ! beside me shine,
 In pleasure's hour, with hue divine ;
 Lest lur'd by phantom lights I stray
 In sin's enchanting rosy way,
 Where dazzling lamps unnumber'd gleam,
 Resplendent with their tempting beam.

Light of the heart ! in sorrow's night,
 When rest and mirth are put to flight,
 When hope's neglected flame hath fled,
 And all we love are false or dead ;
 O constant "Star of Jacob" rise,
 And sweetly guide us to the skies.

NOTES.

(1) St. Mark vi. 47—51. St. John vi. 16—21. St. Luke v. 1—3.

(2) St. Luke v. 27—28. St. Matt. ix. 9.

(3) St. Matthew preached for a few years to his brethren, and afterward to the inhabitants of Asiatic Æthiopia or Arabia; where he died a martyr.

(4) It is not a little remarkable how many islands are distinguished in the history of the church. The ancient prophecy has indeed been fulfilled. “Surely the isles shall wait for Me.”

(5) Several of the Twelve preached the Gospel in Oriental countries. St. Peter in Chaldea; St. Thaddeus in Mesopotamia; St. Philip in Upper India; St. Bartholomew and St. Thomas in India; St. Simon the Zealot in Egypt, and St. Matthew in Ethiopia. Their successors in the Holy Office confirmed what had been wrought, and spread still farther the kingdom of Christ. Of St. Simon we find the following beautiful remark in an historical narrative:—
“Nor could the coldness of the climate benumb his zeal, or hinder

him from shipping himself and the Christian doctrine over to the Western islands, yea, even to Britain itself."

(6) The Church was both the light and the life of the world, by the presence of Christ in the same.—Matt. v. 14. 1 John v. 12.

(7) Among the persecutors of the early Christians, Nero stands pre-eminent. His cruelties knew no bounds. On an anniversary of his birth-day, he scourged the meek followers of Jesus, to amuse the people; and burned many of them at the corners of the streets that night, to give light and splendour to his wicked festival.

(8) Ignatius was consecrated Bishop of Antioch by the apostles. He suffered martyrdom at Rome, A. D. 107.

(9) The proconsul asked as he approached, if he were Polycarp? and when he assented, he persuaded him to deny, (Christ) saying, "Have pity on thine old age," and such other things as are customary with them; as "Swear by the fortune of Cæsar; repent; say, away with the godless!" (Christians). Then Polycarp, looking constantly on all the crowd in the amphitheatre, stretching forth his hand toward them, groaning and looking up to heaven, said "Away with the godless." But when the proconsul pressed him, and said, "Swear, and I will release thee,—reproach Christ;" Polycarp replied, "Eighty and six do I serve him, and never hath he injured me, and how can I blaspheme my King, and my Saviour?" When the proconsul continued to urge him, saying, "Swear by the fortune of Cæsar," Polycarp saith, "Since thou art so vainly urgent that I should swear by

the fortune of Cæsar, and feignest not to know what I am, hear me declare it with boldness, I am a Christian.”—*Palmer's Ecclesiastical History*.

(10) St. Augustin was Bishop of Hippo in Africa; St. Martin Bishop of Tours; and St. Ambrose Bishop of Milan.

(11) “Beda, the most learned and celebrated writer of the 8th century, lived and died an humble recluse in the monastery of Yarrow in England.”

(12) St. Bernard was a monk of the Cistercian order, and, by his excellent example and correct precepts, raised that fraternity to an enviable distinction in usefulness, in purity, and in piety.

The convents of Mount St. Bernard, in the Alps, are well known as hospitable asylums for the weary traveller.

(13) The church of St. Sophia or Holy Wisdom, the cathedral of Constantinople, was turned into a Turkish mosque, after the taking of that city by Mahomet II.

(14) “But in the night he placed on his shoulders a bag containing the vessels of the altar, and his vestments, and privately left the place, (Pomerania,) taking the road to Stettin, and chanting the nocturnal service as he went.” Otto was Bishop of Bamberg.

(15) Wickliffe has been often styled the “Morning Star” of the Reformation.

(16) Ulric Zuingle advocated a reformation in Switzerland, before Luther publicly appeared.

(17) Latimer and Ridley were burned at Oxford, in the reign of the persecutor, Mary.

(18) The British Isles, in the period just succeeding the renunciation of the Papal authority, had many most learned and exemplary prelates.

(19) Reginald Heber, Bishop of Calcutta, died at Trichonopoly, April 3, 1826. His memory is blessed.

(20) Scotland and England united in transmitting the Episcopal prerogatives to the American church. The truly venerable names of SEABURY and WHITE now stand at the head of a line numbering already forty-seven bishops, and the Catholic Body of Christ is daily increasing at home, and sending laborers abroad.



